



**A MUCH ADMIRE'D SONG CALL'D
THE LOVELY MAID
OF THE SHANNON STREME**

As I walk'd out of a summers morn'g
Its unto Mohill I took my way,
Where the valleys were deck'd with daisy's
And fruitful gardenes in rich array,
Where I espied a lovely fair one,
Whose killing glances did me ensnare,
Whilst viewing her beauty I got quite stupid
And to approach her I got affraid

I then accosted this lovely fair one,
To tell her name & her dwelling place,
Or was she fittes or lovely seres,
Oa vilkins bride whom the apple gain'd,
She then made answer I am no goddess,
I am no proud or immortal dame,
My appellation I must leave mysterious,
I live convenient to the shannon stream,

She would read most neatly on cloath or paper
The whole creation by land or sea,
The ships that's sailing upon the ocean,
The groves & gardens & meadows gay
The moon & stars in their glittering mition,
That rules the night til the break of day,
The brilliant phebue that crowns our labours
The wolf & tiger the buck & bear,

I then requested this lovely fair one,
To extricate me from grief & woe,
As I'm here condoling through love & netire
Sincer I have seen you mavelia-shore
My youthful days the are passing over
And no consolement to be obtain'd,
But if I die through your means Masihoreen
I'll shurely haunt you both night & day

Shee say's refrain from such persuasions,
Your introduction is all in vain
You'r not as brd as you pretend it,
To think to marry a poor servant maid,
I'll take my time till I meet my equals,
And that wont be till the Lord is plesed,
Its with his bounty he feeds the ravens,
I'll live in hopes & I'll nea'r despair,

I being quite languid my limbs grew weary
I supplicated this lovely dame,
For to tie my head & shew some nature,
And I would place her free from being a slave
She then consented to cure my ailments
Our joy's were greater than I could relate,
I made her mistress of all my holdings
Hard by sweet Mohill that lovely place,